The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 216.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1826. [Price 2d.

Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire.

The above magnificent structure was founded by Sir Walter L'Espec, a baron of high rank and ample possessions, who introduced the Cistercians into the north of England. The cause of this display of holy benevolence was the loss of his son, who was killed by a fall from his horse. This youth is described by Aelred, the third abbot, as being "tall and graceful, with a voice like a trumpet, yet sweeter with the charm of eloquence."

In the reign of king Henry I. flourished St. Bernard, abbot of Clareval, a man full of devotion, and chief of many monks, some of whom he sent to England, about A. D. 1128, 28th of Henry I.; who were honourably received by both king and kingdom, and particularly by Sir Walter L'Espec; who about A. D. 1131, allotted to some of them a solitary place in Blakemore, near Hemelac, now Helmsley, surrounded by steep hills, and covered with wood and ling, near the angles of three different vales, with each a rivulet running through them; that passing by where the abbey was built being called Ria, whence this vale took its name, and this religious house was thence called the abbey of Rie-val. The descent of this valley reaches chiefly from north to south. Here William, the first abbot, (one of those monks sent by Bernard,) a man full of great virtue, and of an excellent memory, began the building of the monastery, and dedicated it to the virgin Mary; which the said Sir Walter L'Espec amply endowed.

How beautiful is this ruin! What a specimen of the ability, spirit, and taste, of the day in which the fabric was erected! The light reeded pillars possessing excellence peculiar to that department in architecture; and here may be traced one of the earliest transitions from the ponderous and massy style of the Anglo-Norman. The transept pillars are adorned with a species of moulding, of which probably this is the first specimen, which made its appearance in the twelfth century. There is also a combination of richness and delicacy truly admirable, both in the tower and choir; forming very striking deviations from the costume of the preceding ages. In the former these peculiarities consist of columnal decorations, terminating gracefully in what has been denominated the corbel style; while in the latter they are promi-

nent in the narrow lancet shaped windows; and in the quarter adornments which distinguish its eastern side. Another peculiarity in this building is, that the church is carried to the height of three stories; this has contributed much to its lightness and beauty. This abbey no doubt was enriched by numerous specimens of painted glass; a very rare and costly embellishment in the twelfth century.

Aelred, the third abbot of Rievaulx, wrote a chronicle, beginning with the creation, and ending with Henry I. He also wrote the life of David, king of Scotland, and other works; he died in 1167.

The site was granted, in exchange for other lands, to Thomas, Earl of Rutland, in 30th of Henry VIII.; and from him it descended to the dissolute George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and from him, by purchase, to Sir Charles Duncombe, Knight; from whom it passed to his grand-nephew, Thomas Duncombe, Esq. M.P., who, in 1758, erected one of the finest terraces in England on the brink of the hill that overlooks the ruin, and a temple at each end of the walk; one of which is enriched with mythological paintings by Rewiss, an Italian artist. The view from the woody steep of these Ionic temples surpasses all conception; suffice it to quote the words of a descriptive author on the subject, who says, "to be believed, it must be seen; and, once seen, can never be forgotten."

The peaceful and poetical little village of Rievaulx, with its rural and picturesque beauty, is composed of groups of cottages shaded by trees of spontaneous growth; but the chief object of attraction in this sequestered spot are

"The mouldering abbey's ivy vested walls."

A visit to this majestic scene will amply repay the traveller; the modern elegance of the neighbouring seat of C. S. Duncombe, Esq., the present proprietor, the venerable monastery with its Gothic pomp, the thrilling landscape with its perennial beauties, unite to gratify the taste of the artist, the antiquary, and the lover of a fine prospect—

"Here hills with dales, here woods with water vie;
Here art with nature strives to feast the eye;
Here Espec's tow'ring fabric clad in green,
And monkish grandeur decorates the scene;
Here architects engrav'd the Ionic scroll,
And fam'd Burnice's pencil crowns the whole."

* * H.

ANCIENT PLAY-HOUSES AND BEAR-GARDENS, &c. IN LONDON AND SOUTHWARK.

(For the Mirror.)

"He hurries me from the *play-house* and stumps there, to the *bear-garden*."

STILLINGFLEET.

THE most ancient playhouses in London were the *Curtain* in Shoreditch and the theatre. It is supposed that our ancient theatres in general, were only furnished with *curtains*, which opened in the middle, and a single scene composed of tapestry sometimes ornamented with pictures. In Birch's "View of London," which is *very rare*, there is a representation of the "Fortune playhouse," with a flag before the door;* it was situated between Whitecross-street and Golden-lane. The original structure which stood here was appointed for the nursery of the children of king Henry VIII. The lease was purchased by Edward Alleyn, Esq., founder of Dulwich College, and he formed it into a theatre, denominated "The Fortune," and finished it in 1599. In 1621 the whole building and the theatrical property were destroyed by fire. After being rebuilt, it was offered for sale in 1661, and there was of sufficient space to afford twenty-three tenements and gardens, and a street now called "Playhouse Yard;" which is at present occupied by dealers in old clothes.

The "Red Bull Playhouse" stood on a spot of ground lately called "Red Bull Yard," near the upper end of St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, and is traditionally said to have been the theatre at which Shakspeare first held gentlemen's horses. In the civil wars it became highly celebrated for the representation of drolls; and Francis Kirkman, in 1672, published a collection of these pieces, the frontispiece of which exhibits the inside of this theatre.

The "Swan Theatre" was the most westerly of the playhouses on Bankside, and must have stood at no great distance from the Surrey end of Blackfriars-bridge. It was a large house, and flourished only a few years, being suppressed at the commencement of the civil wars. It is represented in the "Antwerp View of London," now in the possession of John Dent, Esq. A little to the west of St. Mary Overie, in a place called Globe Alley, stood, (says Pennant,) the Globe, immortalized by having been the theatre on which Shakspeare first trod the stage.

* A necessary appendage at play-houses in former days.

but in no higher character than the Ghost in his own play of Hamlet. It appears to have been of an octagonal form, and is said to have been covered with rushes. The door was very lately standing. James I. granted a patent to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, (the first performer of Richard III.,) Augustine Phillipes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, and Richard Cowlie, and others of his majesty's servants, to act here, or in any other part of the kingdom.

The playhouses in and about London were by this time extremely numerous, there not being fewer than seventeen between the years 1570 and 1629.

Near the water, on Bankside, stood Paris Garden, one of the ancient playhouses. It seems to have been much frequented on Sundays. This profanation was at length fully punished by the dire accident which heaven directed, and befel the spectators in 1582, when the scaffolding suddenly fell, and multitudes of people were killed, or miserably maimed. The omen seems to have been accepted; for in the next century, the manor of Paris Garden was erected into a parish, and a church founded under the name of Christ's.

Many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which in the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth, the comedians, who then united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage, which was strewed with rushes, (the usual covering of floors in England at that period.) From several passages, (says Malone,) in our old plays, we learn that spectators were admitted on the stage, and that the critics and wits of the time usually sat there.

In the early part of Shakspeare's acquaintance with the theatre, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid. The covering or intended roof of the stage was anciently termed the heavens. Many of the companies of the players were formerly so thin, that one person played two or three parts; and a battle, on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend, was decided by half a dozen combatants. The person who spoke the prologue was ushered in by trumpets, and usually wore a long black velvet cloak, which is still retained in the play of Hamlet as exhibited before the king and court of Denmark. Most, if not all, of Shakspeare's plays were performed either at the Globe, or at the theatre in Blackfriars, which was a private playhouse, and usually performed by candle light.

When Dorset House was pulled down it was succeeded by other buildings; among which was a magnificent theatre where Betterton performed.

The Duke of York's theatre* in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was opened in 1662, by Sir Wm. Davenant, with one of his own plays, "The Siege of Rhodes." Scenes then made their first appearance upon the English stage; and about the same time actresses were also introduced in imitation of the foreign theatres: before this time female characters were represented by boys or young men, and Mrs. Betterton is said to have been the first woman that appeared upon an English stage.

In the time of Shakspeare, plays began at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the exhibition was usually finished in two hours; and so late as 1667, they commenced at three o'clock.

The Red Bull and the Fortune playhouses were chiefly frequented by citizens. The Globe seems to have been calculated for the lower class of people, and the theatre at Blackfriars for a more select and judicious audience.

P. T. W.

ON DUELLING.

(For the Mirror.)

Duelling is one of the most common among the few relics of barbarous usage. The progress of civilization, and the establishment and improvement of laws, have superseded nearly all the vicious propensities of savage life; but this remains, in spite of them, a testimony to the depravity of human nature. We may trace the origin of this practice in Britain to the ancient trial by ordeal, in which the accuser met the defendant armed, and combating till the one or the other fell, it was supposed that heaven decided the merits of the cause, by protecting the innocent from harm during the conflict. The axe, the spear, and the sword, have each been successively held in requisition for this purpose, and it is only of late that the pistol has been introduced.

The introduction of pistols has brought with it no small share of burlesque and cowardice. In close fighting, a man entered the lists with a heart prepared either to conquer or perish; and, therefore, only *those* who were characterized

* It was erected on the restoration in consequence of a patent granted to Sir William Davenant, who removed here from the theatre in Rutland Court, near the Charter House.—See No. 46, vol. ii. of the Mirror.

for courage ventured to the contest. But different, far different, is it with the pistols. Any recreant coward dares to challenge on the smallest offence to his *honour*—and why? Because those handy factotums—those reconcilers of *nothings*—yclept seconds, either omit to charge with ball, or recommend the principals, by a preconcerted arrangement between them, to fire wide of the mark. Now this can be deemed nothing short of arrant knavery and cowardice; for he who possesses true courage or bravery, will take care to exert them only when actually necessary, and when excited by some momentous circumstance. He will look over trifles with a becoming and dignified demeanour, and will never presume to speak of his high spirit in an egotistical manner.

But let us consider a few of the causes which lead to these punctilios of false honour, and falsey courage.

A. B. pays his accustomed visit to the theatre, accompanied by a very accomplished and attractive female. C. D., who sits in a neighbouring box, receives such an impression from her beautiful appearance, that his eyes are rivetted on her for the remainder of the evening, under an impulse of the purest and most honourable nature. A. B. imagines himself or his fair one, to be dishonoured, and accordingly demands an explanation. C. D., with a manly firmness, absolutely refuses to give himself any trouble about so trivial an affair; on which a challenge is delivered, and a meeting ensues. Each individual has his confidential friend; and as no animosity exists between these friends, they consult freely on the best method of performing the duel without the loss of life or limb. They then separately impart their instructions to the principals, who meet, discharge, declare themselves "perfectly satisfied," (no doubt!) and retire unhurt.

E. F. attends an assembly, and meets with G. H. They quarrel for precedence, (oh, honour!) and the duel farce, in one *act*, is repeated as above.

I. K., a plain-looking personage, accompanied by a friend, is walking on some public promenade. He observes L. M., a pink of fashion, so enveloped in braces and bandages, that he can scarcely turn about; and remarks to his companion, that L. M.'s mustaches are very ugly and foppish; upon which L. M., who has a very keen eye, suspects the subject of their conversation, and has *satisfaction* accordingly.

A thousand other trifles of this nature might be mentioned as the immediate causes of duels; but these will serve to illustrate the position, that duels are more frequently fought to obtain for the actors' names a place in the public prints, and to pass them off for men of honour and courage, than for any good or essential purpose.

It happens sometimes, however, though very rarely, that duels are fought with earnest and sanguinary intentions, and that serious consequences result from them. If bloodshed were at all tolerable, such meetings would as much merit praise as the others do censure. But as man cannot repair the injury done to his fellow-man in such a case, even this is censurable; besides, viewing it both in a religious and moral point of view, it is only worthy of universal disapprobation. In a religious light, it is opposed to every fundamental doctrine of the Scriptures; in a moral light, it is the source of uneasiness and terror to the families and relatives of the combatants.

If men are not disposed to avail themselves of the protection which the law offers them, it would be more consistent with the present state of things were they to settle their little differences by arbitration. This would be the only fair and honourable method of decision, the fate of a duel all depending on chance.

E. S.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

(For the Mirror.)

THESE valuable repositories of literature are not of modern invention. The first collections consisted of religious works alone, and were lent out gratuitously. Pamphilus was a Presbyter of Cæsarea, and lived A.D. 294. In this distinguished person were united the philosopher and the Christian. Born of a very eminent family, and large fortune, he might have aspired to the highest honours of this world; but, on the contrary, he withdrew himself from those flattering prospects, and spent his whole life in acts of the most disinterested benevolence. His unfeigned regard and veneration for the Scriptures were as remarkable as his unwearied application in whatever he undertook. Being a great encourager of learning and piety, he not only lent books to read, (especially copies of the Scriptures,) but when he found persons well disposed made them presents of his manuscripts, some of which were transcribed with the greatest accuracy by his own hand. He founded a library at Cæsarea, which, according to Isidore of Seville, contained 30,000 volumes. This collection seems to have been formed merely for the good and use of the church. Another author also authenticates the existence of this

library; and St. Jerome particularly mentions his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to read; and Dr. A. Clarke remarks, "this is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a circulating library." The benefits to be derived from a good circulating library, are too numerous as well as obvious to need any comment.

September 4, 1826. J. W. A.

CAMELS.

(For the Mirror.)

Camels, like their masters, the wild and hardy Arabs, are naturally formed for fatigue; yet, when their ordinary strength is nearly exhausted from over exertion, they will passively lay down on the burning sands till death puts an end to their sufferings.

When camels will no longer continue their journey through the deserts, all the efforts of their distressed owners prove but ineffectual to compel them; for instinct seems to inform those useful animals when any extraordinary convulsion of nature is impending, that it would be dangerous to proceed on their course. When this is the case, the Arabs, in despair, imbibe large quantities of brandy and *opium*, the effects of which soon prove fatal to them, and they expire in misery by the sides of their beasts.

If after travelling for several days with a scarcity of water, a caravan approaches a well within the distance of a league or two, the camels apprise their masters of the joyful circumstance by stretching out their necks and opening wide their parched mouths to inhale the welcome freshness; for the atmosphere is usually so insufferably overpowering, and the sands below are of such a burning nature, that the freshness of a neighbouring well inspires both man and beast with greater exertions.

The want of water is not the only evil experienced by the pilgrims and others while passing through the burning deserts. The hot sands, tossed about in enormous clouds by the suffocating winds, often bury whole caravans with their owners and camels in one grave. Thomson beautifully says—

"——— In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay."

G. W. N.

Reminiscences.

No. XVII.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

There are a happy few whose manner is so engaging and delightful, that injure you how they will, they cannot offend you. The late Mr. Sheridan was a man of this kind. He *could not* make enemies. If any one came to request the repayment of a loan from him, he borrowed more. A cordial shake of his hand was a receipt in full for all demands. He had few *scruples* of conscience, and could "coin his smiles for *drachms*." He cancelled bonds with *bon mots*, and gave jokes in discharge of a bill. A friend of his said, "If I pull off my hat to him in the street, it costs me £50, and if he speaks to me, it's a £100."

"Why do we honour ambition and despise avarice, while they are both but the desire of possession?"—"Because," said Sheridan, "the one is natural, the other artificial; the one the sign of mental health, the other of mental decay; the one *appetite*, the other *disease*."

Sir J. C. H——, who had been envoy for some years at an Italian court, occupied himself on his return to Parliament chiefly with the Catholic question; on this subject he was remarkable for supporting his speeches with documents of the dryest and most antiquated species. "I never hear that man speak," said a leader of the opposition, "but I think I hear the ghost of some old pope."—"Aye," said Sheridan, "of *Pope Joan*."

Sheridan used to say, that the life of a manager was like the life of the ordinary of Newgate, a constant superintendence of executions. The number of authors whom he was forced to extinguish was, he said, a perpetual literary massacre, that made St. Bartholomew's altogether shrink in comparison. Play-writing, singly, accounted for the employment of that immense multitude who drain away obscure years beside the inkstand, and haunt the streets with iron-moulded visages, and study-coloured clothes. It singly accounted for the rise of paper, which had exhausted the rags of England and Scotland, and had almost stripped off the last covering of Ireland. He had counted plays until calculation sank under the number; and every rejected play of them all seemed, like the clothes of a Spanish beggar, to turn into a living, restless, merciless, indefatigable progeny."

The ——, of ——, since dead, was remarkable for his reluctance to contribute to public institutions. He was at length prevailed on to attend a charity sermon in Westminster; after the sermon the plate was handed round the vestry—Fox and Sheridan were present.—"The doctor has absolutely given his pound," said Fox.—"Then," said Sheridan, "he must think that he is going to die."—"Poh!" replied Fox, "even Judas threw away twice the money."—"Yes," said Sheridan, "*but how long was it before he was hanged?*"

Sheridan, lounging towards Whitehall, met the late George Rose, coming out of St. Margaret's church. "Any mischief on foot, George, that you have been at church?"—"No, I have been getting my son christened—I have called him William Pitt."—"William Pitt!

'A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,'"

said Sheridan.

A drama was presented to Sheridan in which the characters amounted to no less than fifty-six. "What's this," said Sheridan, "the new army list?"—"Nothing of the kind, Sir," answered the introducer; "it is on an Irish story, and by an Irishman."—Sheridan glanced over a few leaves, and saw it was altogether inadmissible. "Tell my countryman," said he, "that as a drama, there can be no hope of its success; partly owing to the *reduced population* of London. But it might turn into a history of the rebellion, and the list at the beginning would do for the *muster* of the *levy en masse*."

Origins and Inventions.

No. XXI.

CRANIOLOGY.

THE origin of this art is attributed by an author who has lately published a dissertation upon the subject to one John Rohan de Retham, who published a tract thereon, in the year 1500. That the modern discovery is about three hundred years too late, is, he tells us, evident from this tract. The terms in both are the same, generally ending in *ia*. The local seats of the mind are so determinately indicated in each. The ancient German speaks of the *cellula imaginativa, cellula communis sensus, cellula æstimativa, seu cogitativa, et rationalis, cellula memorativa*, &c. The fable is, therefore, as obsolete as it is absurd; and presents but the "organic remains" of a craniology exploded more than three hundred years ago.

JANISSARIES.

THE recent insurrection and subsequent suppression of the corps of Janissaries, whose name hereafter is by proclamation devoted to execration in the Turkish dominions, had their rise in the time of Amurath I., who made a successful irruption into the provinces on the Danube, and he was there advised to incorporate a body of his youthful captives into his army, instead of looking for new recruits to the original seat of his tribe. "The advice was followed," says Gibbon, "the edict was proclaimed, many thousands of the European captives were educated in religion and arms, and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated dervish. Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words:—'Let them be called Janissaries, (*Yeniasheri*, or new soldiers;) may their countenance be ever light; their hand victorious; their sword keen. May their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies, and wheresoever they go may they return with a *white face*.' Such," adds the historian, "was the origin of those haughty troops—the terror of the nation, and sometimes of the sultans themselves." For two hundred years, namely, from the end of the fourteenth to that of the sixteenth century, the force thus obtained by incorporating in the Musulman army the fifth of Christian captive youths, and the tenth of the youths of the conquered villages, with the slaves of the sultan, composed the flower of the Turkish armies; and so long as the first sultans ruled their nation from the heart of their camps, and declared their decrees from the "imperial stirrup," their obedience was secured, and there never was a fitter instrument of war and conquest. "It was the policy of the sultan Mahmoud," says Mr. Eaton, "to debase this corps. He therefore permitted the lowest and most infamous of the people to enrol themselves as Janissaries. Hence their number has been greatly swelled; but their character has been more than proportionably degraded, and many of them are notoriously stigmatized for cowardice, theft, and the vilest crimes; whilst others, enervated by a city life, and the practice of the lowest trades, have nothing military but the name of Janissary." The number of these troops was calculated by the same authority, in the year 1799, at about 113,000, and these

composed the only regular effective infantry in the empire. F. R. Y.

SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE KORNER.

(For the Mirror.)

The warrior to the battle-field must hie,
To fight for sacred liberty and glory;
In vain he strives to check a rising sigh,
While to his love he tells his farewell story:
"Nay, weep not thus, dear girl, for me,
Hope still is ours—and I'll ne'er vary,
But ever constant prove to thee,
And to my country's cause—my Mary!"

Then to his heart the gentle maid he press'd,
And hasten'd on to where his duty call'd him;
And ardent valour swell'd his manly breast,
Nor hostile ranks nor tyrant-threats appall'd him;
"Brave comrades—death or victory!
'Tis freedom calls—and I'll ne'er vary,
But ever constant prove to thee,
And to my country's cause—my Mary!"

And forth he issued to the deadly fray,
And thousands fell o'er moaning heaps around him;
But tho' his gallant arm achiev'd the day,
Amongst the slain the patriot-victors found him:
"Quit on life's crimson tide and be
The last, best proof that I'll ne'er vary,
But ever constant prove to thee
My injur'd country and my Mary!"

Alas, his plaintive strain but told too well
His own lamented tale of mournful sadness;
In honour's cause the youthful minstrel fell,
And fled to realms of never-fading gladness;
Long shall his song of bravery
Teach fond affection ne'er to vary;
And bid, like him, each lover be
True to his country and his Mary.

J. E. S.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE ROMAN CAMP ON WIMBLEDON COMMON, SEPT. 17, 1826.

(For the Mirror.)

The sun set as I stood upon
The Roman mounds on Wimbledon,
And I was sad, and sighed to see
Where once the Julian chivalry
Was marshalled; and I mourned that time
Should varying rove from clime to clime,
And powers and empires rise and fall,
Like Troy's proud towers, and Babel's wall.

The silver moon rose, and the scene
Was lonely, silent and serene;
And here a thistle, there a thorn,
Where many a trumpet, many a horn,
Had echoed the wilds hills along;
And many a Sabine soldier's song,
And many a helm and eagle shone;
Alas! they sleep; their sun is gone!

Sweet moon! I love thine orb to see,
Say'st thou, mild luminary, be
Emblem of Albion's hallowed isle,
Where fortune long has deigned to smile
And frowns to humble, not confound;
And as I thought, I looked around,
The mists were rising; and the day
Was gone; I tore myself away.

MONTAGUE.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

(For the Mirror.)

POLYBIUS, B. C. 124.

A NATIVE of Megalopolis, in Peloponnesus, who wrote a universal history in Greek. He was carried by Perseus to Rome, a prisoner, but Scipio shortly rescued him from the dungeon, and raised him to affluence. He was killed by a fall from his horse in the 82nd year of his age.

LUCRETIUS, B. C. 54.

A ROMAN poet and philosopher, who studied under Zeno and Phædrus. This beautiful poet laboured under a violent delirium, occasioned by a philtre, which the jealousy of his wife, Lucilia, had administered. It is said that he destroyed himself in the 44th year of his age. Cicero revised his poems, which had been partly written in the lucid intervals of reason and of sense.

JULIUS CÆSAR, B. C. 44.

THE life and fate of this noble emperor and learned historian and commentator is too well known to need repetition; and the pen of our master bard, *William Shakspeare*, has not added a little to its notoriety. *Plutarch* may be interestingly consulted on the subject, and that valuable author is now placed within the reach of every order of society. On the ides of March, he was stabbed in the senate-house. He died pierced with twenty-three wounds, on the 15th of March, in the 56th year of his age.

CICERO, B. C. 43.

THE Roman orator and philosopher, against whom Catiline conspired, but was defeated. After the memorable delivery from the Catiline conspiracy, Cicero was styled *the father of his country, and a second founder of Rome.* The great enmity which existed between him and Antony proved fatal. When Cæsar was stabbed in the senate, Cicero recommended a general amnesty, and was the most earnest to decree the provinces to Brutus and Cassius; but when Antony came into power he retired to Athens; he shortly after returned to Rome, but lived in perpetual dread of assassination. When the triumvirs, Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus, to destroy all cause of quarrel,

and each to despatch his enemies, produced their list of proscription; about two hundred were doomed to death, and Cicero was amongst the number on the list of Antony. Cicero was pursued by the emissaries of Antony, among whom was Popilius, whom he had defended upon an accusation of parricide. Cicero fled in a litter towards the sea of Caieta; and when the assassins came up to him, he put his head out of the litter, and it was severed from the body by Herenicus, in the month of December, and after the enjoyment of life for 63 years, 11 months, and 5 days. His head and right hand were hung up in the Roman forum. Cicero once observed that *no animal is more revengeful than a woman*, and this was verified in the case of Fulvia, the wife of Antony, who drew the tongue out of the mouth, and bored it through repeatedly with a gold bodkin.

SCRIBLERUS CLINKER.

A CHILD SCREENING A DOVE FROM A HAWK.

BY STEWARDSON.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,
Ay, screen it if you may;
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand
Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep—
Is this their destiny?
Ever amid the sweets of life
Some evil thing must be.

Ay, moralize—is it not thus
We've moura'd our hope and love?
Alas! there's tears for every eye,
A hawk for every dove!

The Novelist.

No. LXXXIX.

THE SISTERS.*

ABOUT the close of those troublesome times, when England was distracted by the feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster, there resided, in a village near the banks of the Medway, a gentleman, whose name was Geoffry de Saint Clair, descended from a family of great repute. The many lances and pieces of armour that hung around the old hall, did not render it more respectable than the unbounded benevolence of its possessor.

Saint Clair had allied himself in marriage with the lady Margaret de Boys, a woman of high birth, whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and a religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement. All the leisure hours which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations; she relieved the indigent, advised with the unfortunate, visited the sick, and brought up her twin daughters, Frances and Isabella, in the same sentiments. As these young ladies were the sole issue of St. Clair and lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them.

When Frances and Isabella arrived at the age of twenty-five, they won the admiration of all who approached them, and had, from similitude of manners, contracted such a warm affection for each other, that it seemed as if nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth. Nor was this event very remote; lady Margaret was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, desolated one of the happiest families in the world.

Frances and Isabella had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.

Though St. Clair called in aid all his philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved lady, yet his silent sorrow had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and in about a year put an end to it.

In this mournful interval the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received was from the frequent visits of their uncle, John de St. Clair, abbot of the monastery of St. Augustin, in Canterbury. He was the younger brother of Geoffry, and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that St. Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection, bequeathing to each of them a very large inheritance.

The manner in which Frances had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, determined her to a religious life; and a great convent of Benedictine nuns, not very far from Feversham, happening, a few months after, to lose their principal, (who was always one of a considerable family), the abbot of St. Augustin, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life,

* From this romantic adventure, the ancient church in the village of Reculver, of which we gave an engraving in No. 206 of the present volume, perpetuates the fate, and retains the name, of the *Two Sisters* to this day.

persuaded her to be named the lady abbess of it.

Isabella, who had never yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil; and it was with great difficulty, that, by the repeated solicitations of Frances and her uncle, Isabella was prevailed on to relinquish entirely her intentions of entering on a monastic life. She resided for some time in her father's mansion, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister, who, at intervals, attended her on visits to Frances, and also at particular seasons to the abbot.

In one of these visits she became acquainted with Henry de Belville, between whose father and the abbot there had long subsisted a most firm friendship. He was of good birth, though much inferior to Isabella in fortune, his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twenty-ninth year; his figure was graceful, and his understanding had been improved by the most extensive education that the fashion of the age allowed. He was now on his return from a short expedition into France, and had stopped at Canterbury to pay his respects to the abbot.

Belville, on his first return to England, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of Richard, duke of Gloucester, who being now mounted on the throne of England, the whole nation was thrown into a hostile state.

Belville felt himself enamoured of his fair companion, and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away. Having reason to think he had made a favourable impression on Isabella, he did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life in the society of so engaging a woman. His offer was not less pleasing to Isabella than it was to her uncle and Frances; the latter of whom agreed to give up to her sister her right in the castle of St. Clair, where it was proposed they should reside.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials; and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity than did this proposed union. But the successful progress that the arms of Henry of Richmond had made in the kingdom, obliged Richard to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom was the intended bridegroom, who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal for his master, overcome every private motive. Belville was amongst those of the king's followers who shared their master's fate in Bosworth field. He was near Richard in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death; and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and after Richmond's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into Leicester, where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of Black Friars, in that city.

A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his page, that he might give him his latest orders.

"Bertram," said he, looking wistfully on him, "the day that has ruined our sovereign's fortune hath blasted mine, and that, too, in the moment when it shone the fairest! Thou wilt soon render me the last of thy faithful services! Let my body rest with the fathers of this house; and as soon as thou hast seen its due rites performed, speed thee to Canterbury, and acquaint the holy abbot of St. Augustin with the bloody event of yesterday. Conjure him that he unfold it to my intended bride in such a manner as his discretion shall advise. Bear her this jewel from my finger, in token that my last thoughts dwelt on her; and tell her, my only sigh in leaving the world was losing her, whose virtues so embellished it!"

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude over the grave of his gallant master; and journeying to Canterbury with a bursting heart, presented himself before the abbot with such a countenance as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort which a good man would offer on such an occasion; though the emotions of nature must subside before the soothing voice of reason can be heard.

Isabella, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude and resignation which her piety alone could inspire; and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she communicated her final resolution to her sister.

When the lady abbess saw her sister, she found her still more confirmed in her determination to enter on a monastic life; and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, she took the veil in the convent where Frances resided.

Isabella found in religion the only consolation for her past misfortunes. The

two sisters enjoyed all that heart-felt pleasure which arises from rooted friendship; and as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the sisterhood.

After these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life.

During her illness, she made a private vow to the blessed Virgin Mary, that if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little port called Bradstow, or Broadstairs, in the Isle of Thanet; and in which her image was esteemed to work such miracles, that pilgrims came from parts very remote to visit it; and all ships passing within sight of it are reported to have constantly lowered their topsails to salute it. The feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there with great solemnity, her gratitude for recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the virgin, determined the abbess to go herself and fulfil her vow.

Isabella obtained permission to accompany her sister in this devout journey; and the roads being little frequented in that age, they put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage sloop, but had not been at sea above two hours before a violent storm arose. Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the Thames, knows how difficult it is rendered by the many banks of sand that obstruct it.

To pursue their course was impracticable; they therefore attempted to save themselves by running in on the shore, at a little place called Reculver, a small village of great antiquity, on the border of the Isle of Thanet; but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly where they were. Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it; and, their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the Horse, that lies a little off from Reculver.

The surprise and confusion that must naturally rush into the minds of people who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be felt by those who have stood in so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to God and to his tutelar saint. The mariners hoisted out their long-boat as precipitately as they could; and that which most agitated the thoughts of Frances and Isabella was the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it, for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours; and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The captain, almost by force, dragged the lady abbess and her sister from the cabin; and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those already in the boat, finding they must all perish if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore.

The only faint hope which now remained to those on board was, that the vessel might possibly hold together till some assistance could be obtained from the shore, which they still flattered themselves would come, should the boat reach land; which it providentially did, with the utmost risk.

But it was four hours after the arrival of the boat before any one dare venture out; when the storm abating with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat put off to the wreck. When those who went to assist got to it, they found all the people on board refuged in different places beneath the wreck, great part of which was broken away.

Isabella had remained in the cabin, one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water; she was almost exhausted by the terrors and hardships she had sustained, yet life seemed to flush anew in her countenance on hearing that her sister was preserved.

As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, and conducted to the house where the lady abbess was. Frances, transported at the first sight of her sister, ran out to meet Isabella, who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down overpowered in the arms of her attendants. Frances clasped her hands in her eager joy, would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon. She received every assistance that could be procured; but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

Frances, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her sister, her own sufferings. She often accused herself as the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. Isabella chid her for thinking so, declaring it was the will of heaven, to which she patiently sub-

mitted. "Though we came into the world together," said she, "yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must have come when death would have dissolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the survivor. I die where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of sisters. Pray for the repose of my soul, and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own, that one grave may in death hold our remains, who in life had but one heart."

The loss of Isabella plunged the lady abbess into that deep distress, which minds formed like her's, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness and benevolence, must on such a trial inevitably feel. She caused the body of her unfortunate sister to be deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault on one side of the shrine of St. Benedict, bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the sisterhood.

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, Frances failed not to transmit her intended offering to the virgin of Broadstairs, accompanied by a donation for twelve masses, to be said for the repose of Isabella's soul. And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her sister, as well as to direct mariners in their course, she caused an ancient church, that stood on a rising ground just above the village of Reculver, to be restored and enlarged; and erected two spiral towers at the end thereof, which she directed should be called THE SISTERS.

She survived Isabella eleven years, and died most sincerely and deservedly lamented towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank and office. A monument was erected near the place where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross; and beneath it a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DESCRIPTION OF BOKHARA.

THE wall of the city of Bokhara is lofty, built of unbaked bricks; and the citadel, built of the same materials, is situated on a mount within the city, on the north, near the Imam gate; it contains many buildings. The gate of the fort is to the south, and within the gate are sixteen guns and five mortars, all dismounted. A large mosque is situated below the citadel on the west, in which the king himself reads the Khotbeh and performs the duties of Pesh Imam. In front of the gate of the citadel and the mosque there is a bazaar; it is called the market of the sandy country. A gibbet is erected in it, on which murderers and highway robbers, and thieves who have thrice committed the crime, are suspended after being put to death according to the law. There is also a market every morning at day-break at the Chahar-su, or the square market, the place where it is held being of that form; on three sides there is an area, but the fourth is closed, and on that side books are sold. There are many hot-baths in Bokhara, and their use is very general.

There are eighty colleges in Bokhara, containing from forty to two or three hundred chambers; that of Kokultash, which is near the gate of Khajeh Behaud-din, contains three hundred. There is one Mudersis to each college, and two pupils in each chamber. The colleges are supported by the rents of the houses and the lands attached to them. Their revenues vary from 300 to 5,000 rupees a-year; but the king also contributes yearly a portion of the duties, and makes the principal professors an allowance of from five to fifteen tilas per month.

Twelve cos from Bokhara on the north runs the river Kahak, which comes from the mountains of Samarkand, and flows to the N.W.; canals are cut from the river, which irrigate the fields and supply canals about the city; every fifteenth day the water is conveyed to the private reservoirs, which are filled; the same water supplies the city and fort; there are no wells. In the rainy season the people use rain water, after which they are extensively subject to the worm in the skin, especially in the leg and knee. Little snow falls in Bokhara; but there is much cold and frost, and the cool weather lasts eight months; the other four are hot and rainy.

The houses of Bokhara are like those of Peshawer; they are built of unbaked bricks, and are two or three stories high; the walls are thin, and are strengthened with wooden buttresses; the markets are mostly covered in, and there are several serais for the accommodation of merchants, as the serai of Alem Khan, where the Hindus from Shikarpur and other places alight; the hire of a chamber is one tila per month. The Hindu traders pay double duties; they bring indigo, chiefly, and tobacco. Another serai is the Noghasi, where the Nogay and other traders put up; the Nogays are Musul-

mans subject to Russia; some of them are residents in Bokhara. There are about fifty druggists' shops in the city, but no physician; the practitioners are all ignorant of the science, and when any medical professor comes along with the merchants from Peshawer or other places, he is held in very high estimation. The most common disease is the rishteh (Guinea worms,) and few people are free from it, like colds in Hindustan in the winter season. They are very dexterous in the treatment of it, and extract it by incision; as, if the head of the rishteh be near the wrist, and the tail near the elbow, they carry the finger along it to ascertain its course, and then lay the skin open with a lancet of three or four fingers breadth, a little below the head, which they draw back to the place where the incision began; they then make another incision of a similar kind, and so proceed gradually till they come to the origin of the worm, and remove it entirely. Other complaints are fevers, leprosy, and affections of the bowels. It happens, sometimes, that where the physicians have engaged to cure the sick, and the patient has died, the heirs have demanded the price of blood; in that case the king has declared that when the physician knows his profession, he shall be held acquitted; but if he proves an ignoramus he is condemned to pay the usual amercement. These cases are too frequent to be much attended to; but a physician leads but an uncomfortable sort of life in Bokhara.

Mir Hyder is about thirty-five years of age; he is tall and well-made; he is naturally of a fine complexion, but by the fervour of his religious exercises, and fasting every third day throughout the year, as well as by his assiduity in the administration of justice, he looks pale and sallow. He wears his beard of round cut, and an Usbeki cap on his head, with a turban bound round it like an Arab turban. His dress is a kind of tunic, over which he wears a jama and a kemerband, with a dagger, and a robe of a brown colour over the whole; his legs are protected by short boots of the kind called here masahi, but without heels.

He rises in the middle of the night and reads the prayers of the season, and then pursues moral and religious occupations till day-light, when, after the prayers of dawn, he gives a lecture to about forty or fifty students on the traditions of the prophet, and an explanation of the Koran. He then takes his place in the court, kneeling on a velvet cushion, and receives, in the usual form, the salam alikum, or the salutations of his courtiers, which is returned by a person appointed to that duty, who replies alikum salam on the part of the king; in this audience holy men and teachers of the law sit on the right hand of the king, the khans on his left; all are on their knees. Hakim Be remains standing in front of the king; the royal attendants also stand near the king on his left; all the men of the law and khans, when they come to court, are dressed in precisely the same costume. Those who are newly arrived put on the Usbek dress for the introduction; they are met by a mace-bearer at the door of the hall of audience, and led towards the king; they stop at some distance and exclaim "salam alikum!" they then advance some paces, when two servants, taking the person by either arm, lead him to within a short distance of his majesty. If the king presents his hand, the person kisses it; if he directs him to be seated, the attendants conduct him to a place suited to his rank. On his sitting he pronounces a compliment to the king, and then states what he may wish to represent. Embassadors are maintained at the king's cost.

After the levee is over, and the persons who assisted at it are dismissed, the Chobdars announce to all who are collected about the gates every morning, that if they have any representation to make, they may advance, and they are all admitted and made to sit down before the king, who reads their petitions, and pronounces a decision on their cases according to the legal authorities, copies of the principal of which lie on the cushions before him. At noon some learned men are admitted to hold disputations in the royal presence, and he not unfrequently takes part in them. He then acts as Pesh Imam for the mid-day prayers, when the investigations of plaints is resumed, and continues till afternoon prayers; the usual occupations are then followed till evening. Evening prayers are said, and some short time afterwards food is taken; the prayers of the night are then repeated, and the king takes his repose for about a watch and a half (or four hours and a half). If any cause requires a protracted investigation, it is referred to the Kazi, who must decide according to the law, through fear of the Amir, the general familiarity of the people themselves with the laws, and their ready access to the king. The king reads all the prayers for the dead himself.

Asiatic Journal.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

BUENOS AYRES CATTLE MARKET.

DURING the short time I was at Buenos Ayres, I lived in a house out of the town, which was opposite the English burying-ground, and very near the place where the cattle were killed. This latter spot was about four or five acres, and was altogether devoid of pasture; at one end of it there was a large corral enclosed by rough stakes, and divided into a number of pens, each of which had a separate gate. These *cells* were always full of cattle doomed for slaughter. I several times had occasion to ride over this field, and it was curious to see its different appearances. In passing it in the day or evening, no human being was to be seen; the cattle up to their knees in mud, and with nothing to eat, were standing in the sun, occasionally lowing, or rather roaring to each other. The ground in every direction was covered with groups of large white gulls, some of which were earnestly picking at the slops of blood which they had surrounded, while others were standing upon their tip-toes, and flapping their wings as if to recover their appetite. Each slop of blood was the spot where a bullock had died; it was all that was left of his history, and pigs and gulls were rapidly consuming it. Early in the morning no blood was to be seen; a number of horses, with the lassos hanging to their saddles, were standing in groups apparently asleep; the mataderos were either sitting or lying on the ground close to the stakes of the corral, and smoking cigars; while the cattle, without metaphor, were waiting until the last hour of their existence should strike; for as soon as the clock of the Recolata struck, the men all vaulted on their horses, the gates of all the cells were opened, and in a very few seconds there was a scene of apparent confusion, which it is quite impossible to describe. Every man had a wild bullock at the end of his lasso; some of these animals were running away from the horses, and some were running at them; many were roaring; some were hamstrung, and running about on their stumps; some were killed and skinned, while occasionally one would break the lasso. The horse would often fall upon his rider, and the bullock endeavour to regain his liberty, until the horsemen at full speed caught him with the lasso, tripping him off the ground in a manner that might apparently break every bone in his body. I was more than once in the middle of this odd scene, and was really sometimes obliged to gallop for my life, without exactly knowing where to go, for it was often Scylla and Charybdis.

I was one day going home from this scene, when I saw a man on foot select a very large pig from a herd, and throw a lasso over his neck; he pulled it with all his strength, but the pig had no idea of obeying the summons; in an instant a little child rode up, and very quietly taking the end of the lasso from the man, he lifted up the sheep-skin which covered the saddle, fixed the lasso to the ring which is there made for it, and then instantly set off at a full gallop; never did any one see an obstinate animal so completely conquered! With his tail pointing to the ground, hanging back, and with his four feet all scratching along the ground like the teeth of a harrow, he followed the boy altogether evidently against his will; and the sight was so strange, that I instantly galloped after the pig, to watch his countenance. He was as obstinate as ever until the lasso choked him, and he then fainted, and fell on his side. The boy dragged him in this state, at a gallop, more than three-quarters of a mile over hard rough ground, and at last suddenly stopped, and jumping off his horse, began to unloose the lasso:—"Sta muerto!" (he is dead,) said I to the boy, really sorry for the pig's fate. "Sta vivo!" exclaimed the child, as he vaulted on his horse, and galloped away. I watched the pig for some time, and was observing the blood on his nose, when, to my great surprise, he began to kick his hind leg; he then opened his mouth, and at last his eyes; and after he had looked about him, a little like Clarence after his dream, he got up, and very leisurely walked to a herd of ten or twelve pigs of about the same size as himself, who were about twenty yards off. I slowly followed him, and when I came to the herd, I saw they had every one of them bloody noses.—*Head's Rough Notes during some rapid Journies across the Pampas and among the Andes.*

MANNER OF INTERMENT AT BUENOS AYRES.

CERTAINLY the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Ayres appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years, a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack-hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are

put, when away the mad gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recolata. There is a small vehicle for children, which I really thought was a mountebank's cart; it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart, (without its curtains, &c.) in which there was the corpse of a black boy nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back, and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have been out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages with four people in each were seldom able to go so fast as the hearse.

I went one day to the Recolata, and just as I got there, the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial-place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this, the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground on its back; it had one eye open and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied round its middle; the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the little furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covered it so barely with earth, that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor child myself, when I recollected, that, as a stranger, I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other; the corpses were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a movable shutter, which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step forward as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow, that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it; but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling. The situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment anything but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth; the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in that sort of way, that, had the man been alive, he would have been killed; and we then all walked away.—*Ibid.*

MENDOZA.

The people of Mendoza, a considerable town at the foot of the Andes, on the La Plata side, are extremely indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shopkeepers made preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up their shops, the window-shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five, and sometimes until six o'clock in the evening.

During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angled streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene resembled the deserted streets of Pompeii.

In passing some of the houses, I often heard some of the people snoring; and, when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken, for there is infinitely more truth and plea-

sure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and prepared for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

I saw one day an old man (who was one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman, his wife, was awake, and was sitting up in easy dishabille, scratching herself; while her daughter, who was a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but was laying on her side kissing a cat.

In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass is seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid. Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about, selling fruit; and a *beggar on horseback* is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.—*Ibid.*

THE BISCACHO.

The biscacho is found all over the plains of the Pampas. Like rabbits, they live in holes, which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. The manner, however, in which the horses recover themselves when the ground over these subterranean galleries gives way, is quite extraordinary. In galloping after the ostriches, my horse has constantly broken in, sometimes with a hind leg, and sometimes with a fore one; he has even come down on his nose, and yet recovered; however, the Gauchos occasionally meet with very serious accidents. I have often wondered how the wild horses could gallop about as they do in the dark; but I really believe they avoid the holes by smelling them, for in riding across the country, when it has been so dark that I positively could not see my horse's ears, I have constantly felt him, in his gallop, start a foot or two to the right or left, as if he had trod on a serpent, which, I conceive, was to avoid one of these holes. Yet the horses do very often fall, and certainly, in the few months I was in the Pampas, I got more falls than I ever before had, though in the habit of riding all my life. The Gauchos are occasionally killed by these biscacheros, and often break a limb.

These animals are never to be seen in the day, but as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups like little villages all over the Pampas. The biscachos, when full grown, are nearly as large as badgers; but their head resembles a rabbit, excepting that they have very large bushy whiskers.

In the evening they sit outside their holes, and they all appear to be moralizing. They are the most serious-looking animals I ever saw, and even the young ones are grey-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave.

In the day-time their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post. As one gallops by these owls, they always stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscacho's hole.—*Ibid.*

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

The only serious *social* embarrassment I experienced, arose from my imperfect use of the language; I had learned French when a boy; when I left England I had long read it, almost as easily as English; arrived in France, I found I had two studies to perform, two difficulties to encounter; to make myself understood, and to understand; the first I could do indifferently well; but I passed a twelve-month in France before I could understand what was said by the men, and two years before I could understand what was said by the ladies. I found that not to understand was more disadvantageous than not to be understood; since those who endured my bad French with patience were, very naturally, displeased on discovering that they had been throwing away their words on one who could not fully comprehend their meaning. I seriously advise every Englishman who purposes to establish his family for some years in France, if he is not competent to follow a conversation in the language of that country, to go thither first himself alone, and establish himself for a few months in French society; he will thus make more progress in a month, than afterwards, with his family, in a year; for the frequent use of an old language indisposes the organs of speech to the acquisition of a new one. The ears, too, require their lesson.—*Four Years in France.*

THE MORGUE

Is an excellently well-contrived establishment. It is a little building, on the bank of the river, where are deposited the bodies of persons found drowned or otherwise accidentally slain. These bodies are laid on an inclined plane, in a space partitioned off by glass doors and windows, stripped of part of their clothes, which are hung up over their heads. By this simple method, the members of a family, of whom one is lost or missing, have the means of finding and reclaiming their own, if there, without inquiry. Calling here one day, I was witness to a scene on which the genius of Sterne would have lived and revelled most sentimentally. The body of a middle-aged man, who, by the clothes suspended above, appeared to have been a sailor, was laid in its place to be recognised. After gazing on this sight for some little time, I was retiring, when I met, at the outer door, an elderly woman, accompanied by a lad of about fourteen years old. Their steps were hurried; their countenances full of anxiety and terror. "They have lost," said I, "a son and a father." I waited the event. They advanced to the window, with what I will call, if the phrase may be allowed, a precipitate irresolution—dreading to find what they sought. They returned consoled, but still dejected; the expression of their faces said plainly, "It is not he; but then, where is he?" He was not found there, yet still he was lost.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

RATS STUFFED WITH GOLD; OR, THE ROBBERY OF THE RUSSIAN MINT.

When Alexander, the emperor of Russia, was in England and viewing the Mint, he observed there was no preventing the robbing the Mint in his country, for they used every precaution; the workmen came in naked, worked naked, and went out naked, notwithstanding it was pilfered; when it was discovered the men killed the rats and *stuffed* them with gold, which they threw over the wall, and after finishing their work, took the *seasoning* forthwith, and thus robbed the state.

A bibliopole of some eminence, was once asked if he had a copy of *Cæsar's* Commentaries?" "I am sorry," said he, "I have not, but I have got "*Blackstone's.*"

EPIGRAM.

"Who *lies* here?" the rector cries,
With consequence demanding:
"Nobody," the clerk replies,
For Tom was buried—*standing.*"

EPITAPH

In the Church-yard of the Parish of St. Peter the Apostle, Canterbury.

Here lieth the body of John Cuckow, ob. 7th Jan. 1760, Æ. 74.

Touch not this grave, my bones,
Nor yet the dust,
But let this stone which stands
Be rotten first.

Frederick the Great, while reviewing his guard, happened at a time to take out his snuff-box, and was tapping on the lid, when one of his grenadiers stepped out of the ranks and said, "Please your majesty, give me a pinch of your snuff?" The king asked what he meant by such freedom, and he replied, "In my country, Sir, when any one taps on the box, it is a sign that everybody round is welcome to a pinch, and I thought your majesty meant as much." The king laughed at the odd result of this odd custom, and presented the box, a gold one enriched with jewels to the soldier, bidding him keep it for his sake.

LONGEVITY.

There died during the year 1825, in the Russian provinces of Wladimer and Perm, an old man aged 101; two 102; seven 103; two 104; two 105; two 106; three 110; and two 115 years.

BOW BELLS.

June 4th, 1762. Bow Bells rung for the first time; the weight of them are as follows:—First bell, 8 cwt. 3 qrs. and 7 lbs. Second bell, 9 cwt. 2 lbs. Third bell, 10 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lbs. Fourth bell, 12 cwt. 7 lbs. Fifth bell, 13 cwt. 24 lbs. Sixth bell, 17 cwt. 11 lbs. Seventh bell, 20 cwt. 2 qrs. 26 lbs. Eighth bell, 24 cwt. 2 qrs. 5 lbs. Ninth bell, 34 cwt. 2 qrs. 6 lbs. Tenth bell, 53 cwt. 22 lbs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must defer our answers to Correspondents until next week, when we intend noticing all the communications our friends have recently favoured us with.

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